A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE Crown-Inn:

With CHARACTERS of ſome of the late

SERVANTS;

And the PROCEEDING of the

TRUSTEES

To the Coming of the

New LANDLORD.

Part II.

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A CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY, &c.

SO many things of conſequence offer at this time, that I find I ſhall ſwell my Deſign to a much greater length than I imagined; Inſtead of Writing once a Week, I ſhall never be able to retain ſo many memorable Particulars, or get thro' my Promiſe, without adjuſting the Subſtance every Poſt.

You would ſplit your Sides at the late Set of Servants, and their *Favourers*, in this Town, were you to ſee how they behave themſelves in their preſent Circumſtances? What

What a mixture they diſcover in their Countenances of the Sullen and the Impertinent; or indeed of the Spaniel and the Lion. They wou'd fain lay a timely claim to the good Graces and Favour of Mr. *WRIGHT*, but their Pretenſions are awkardly made out, and built on ſuch ſenceleſs Foundations, that 'tis queer enough to hear them explain 'em.

Harry Aucumy, who is at leizure now to carry on all the Intrigues that lay upon his Hands, has had a very great Levee of Condolants ſince his late Misfortune; for ſay they, *Harry* appeared a Man of Spirit, and was always firm to his *Purpoſe*. *Harry* was reſolute and conſtant in the Meaſures he purſued, and wou'd have puſhed Things with another manner of Spirit than that unaccountable Fellow *Slyboots* ſhew'd, *who had been aſleep for three Years*, and always kept his *Friends* as well as his *Enemies* in doubt what he deſigned. *Harry* was the Life of the *Cauſe*, the Joy of the Party, and the Toaſt of the *CLUB*. From *Harry* we expected ſomething very great and ſurprizing; he had a Spirit and Impudence really fitted for it. Our hopes in him daily increaſed; we ſaw him, on *Robin*'s Downfal, which was owing to his dextrous Conduct, placed in a Sphere, whereby his excellent Talents wou'd have come to ſhine in their full Luſtre; nay, he had manag'd it ſo admirably, that he ſent the Trickſter *Robin* off the Stage with

with the utmoſt Diſgrace, which for Reaſons well known to us, would have proved of Service to future Purpoſes.

But I muſt not ſtay to finiſh the *Encomiuns* theſe Viſitants of *Harry*'s beſtow'd on him, without letting you know, that they were ſuch Friends of young **Shute**'s, as began to place the greateſt Confidence in him, from the ſeveral ſteps which they plainly ſaw he had taken in his Favour. The reſt were ſuch as *Harry* had really let into the Secret; and among whom there ran a mutual and entire Chain of Confidence, in which they wou'd all rather have Hang'd together, than to have broke their Faith with one another.

Pretender

Muſt it not therefore be the moſt ſenſible Mortification to Men elated with ſuch Hopes, and inſpired by a *Genius* ſo very promiſing as *Harry*'s to promote their Views, to ſee him at two Steps fall headlong from ſuch an Eminence of Power and Authority, and lye the bleeding Sacrifice of a *Ruined-Party* at the Feet of his Enemies, deſpis'd, threaten'd and level'd to their Reſentments by the Act of the new *LANDLORD*, who ſingled him out, like a Deer for the Chace, to be the common Sport of all the honeſt Servants and Tenants; nay, even to his Antagoniſt *Robin*? What can ſhew a Man more deſpis'd than the Meſ-

ſage

ſage delivered him by the *TRUSTEES* for his Diſmiſſion.

Mr. Aucumy,

Your Proceedings having rendered your Conduct ſuſpected, we are Order'd by our new LANDLORD *Mr.* WRIGHT *to tell you, that he has no farther Service for you; with Directions likewiſe to take from you your Books of Accounts, and Seal up the* COUNTING-HOUSE.

You may be ſure his Friends bleed inwardly for him; but they have, indeed, the moſt admirable way of out-facing Things that ever was known. They had before this given out, that he ſtood on no bad terms with Mr. WRIGHT, and chiefly, that on the firſt Indiſpoſition of the *Widdow*, it was he who promoted the Delivery of *BOB*'s *Conjuring-Wand* into the Hands of the *Chamberlain*; which He could not chuſe but acknowledge as a piece of good Service: But this is ſomewhat like *BOB*'s *INVIOLABLE ATTACH.*

This they maintain'd with an Aſſurance peculiar to them, till the time of *Harry*'s diſgrace, when a freſh Aſtoniſhment appeared in them; and for two or three Days there was a general run of *Guilty* confuſed Faces among

mong the Party, *Harry* himſelf ſtood this ſhock with a great deal of outward Confidence before his Friends, becauſe he was unwilling to diſcourage them, but alas we know that nothing but a clear and unſpotted Conſcience can really ſupport a Man's Spirits under ſuch ſudden and capital Afflictions. This required that they ſhould give their Sentiments a new turn, and now *Harry* was conſoled by his Friends as a Man purely ſuffering for his Principles, and one who deſerved all the Confidence they had placed in him.

One wou'd think this Indication ſhould have taught them a little Modeſty, but they go on at the old rate: They will not ſtand convinced that they have a leſs ſhare of the Favour of Mr. WRIGHT than others, tho' it is with the utmoſt Impudence and Vanity they dare even make Pretences to it. They are the moſt impatient People at the loſs of Power imaginable, and certainly make the worſt uſe of it when they have it of any living, for they are all Heat and Choler: whence it is obſervable, thro' their precipitate and Poſthaſte Fury, that they have never been long before they finiſhed their Courſe.

They have the merrieſt Way of Interpreting Things that can be: They pretend they are very impatient for the arrival of the New **LANDLORD**, being uneaſie at the

the Management of the TRUSTEES, who have gone a great way toward putting the Affairs of the *INN* in a better Poſture, and to draw a better Trade to the whole *Town*. They cannot, or rather will not believe, that the Choice of the TRUSTEES has any thing of the true Meaning of Mr. WRIGHT in it; but that it was done upon their own Solicitations and Intelligence; and that they doubt not, *but they ſhall ſoon convince him when they come to talk with him.*

Wou'd it not anger one that theſe Fellows ſhould have the Impudence to form theſe prepoſterous Suggeſtions? (for I will forgive the Folly of it) Do they think he has forgot, or ever will, their turning two or three of his Servants out of the Houſe in a rude Sort of Manner, though they paid honeſtly for what they called for, only becauſe they gave their Maſter Notice of their Intrigues? Was any thing more groſly Impudent than *Harry*'s Conduct in this Matter? Or his inſpiring the CLUB to do all they could to hinder *Young Mr. VVright* from coming among them? They are miſtaken if they think him a Perſon ſo ſhort-ſighted as to be deceived in diſtinguiſhing his *Friends* from his *Foes*: And if thoſe who have always appeared in his Intereſt, and on all Occaſions juſtified their Love to him, are not to

be

be intitled to his Favour; nay, if his own Sence of this, in chuſing ſuch for TRUSTEES, is not ſufficient to prove it, I leave them to be corrected by their own Folly. *Regents*

Every Reed ſerves a drowning Man to catch at; you wou'd ſmile, did you but know the mighty Splutter they make, that their Conſort, *Tom Scatterwit*, has ſhook Hands with Mr. WRIGHT. Now you muſt know there is no more in it than this. *Tom* was Agent for the Widow at *NICK FROG*'s, eſpecially on the Compoſition: *Tom*, like the reſt of his Fraternity, was a very active furious Fellow, and when Reaſon wou'd not do, he uſed to cock his Hat, and tread upon *NICK*'s Toes. *NICK* made damn'd four Faces, but was not able to cope with the young Bully. *Nick*, in his Time had been a very ſturdy Fellow, but he was then curſedly pinched with Corns, and could hardly ſtir out of his Elbow-Chair: 'Tis true, he kicked and winced a little, but *Tom* always turned him by main Strength, and in the End work'd him into Temper to conſent quietly to the Agreement. *Tom*, on the *Widow*'s Death, lay under dreadful Apprehenſions; he was conſcious that a very good Underſtanding wou'd enſue between Mr. WRIGHT and *NICK*; and that if *NICK* ſhould remember the Smart of his Toes, it wou'd prove but a little queer for him. *L. Strafford* *Dutch* *Q. Ann*

Tom therefore came to *NICK*, and ſhewed a geat deal of unuſual Condeſcenſion. Inſtead of the Bully Cock, he now came Cap in Hand, and entered into an Expoſtulation ſomewhat ſervile. He deſir'd *NICK* to forget old Grudges, and to make the beſt of Matters to Mr. WRIGHT. *NICK* looked a little ſour on him, as remembering the curſed Gripes he had given him; however, like a Man of Honour, he told him he forgave him, and ſhould be glad to hear of his Converſion. Another thing likewiſe laid *Tom*'s Friends under ſome Apprehenſions for him; he was dipped in *Harry*'s Project of entering into a League with Old **Savage** and his Grandſon, tending to the Prejudice of Mr. WRIGHT's Intereſt; and had unluckily written for further Orders therein juſt at the Time of the Widow's Death; which Pacquet falling of courſe into the Hands of the TRUSTEES, they ſealed it up, and ſent it to Mr. WRIGHT.

N. France

Poor *Tom* looked plaguy queer upon it at firſt; but it ſeems he has had a long Conference with Mr. WRIGHT on his arrival at *NICK FROG*'s; which his Friends interpret ſtrangely to his Advantage; not that they think *Tom* will prove very Stanch, but that they love a Fellow of a predominant Spirit. Moſt People laugh heartily at this, and ſay, that *Tom*, who is an excellent

cellent Fellow at *Congee* and *Grimace*, took all Opportunities to wriggle himſelf into Mr. WRIGHT's Acquaintance, and ſcrew'd in at the lower End of the Table to Dinner.

Nick Spitfire, was to have played the ſame Game at 'Squire *SOUTH*'s, but the 'Squire being a Man of Spirit forbid *Nick* the Houſe, and reſolved to receive no Meſſage from the Widow by ſuch Hands; which put *Nick* upon the Splutter for loſing ſo favourable an Opportunity of exerting himſelf.

Bob Bungey is ſelling his Equipage again, ſenſibly afflicted at the Miſcarriage of his Buſineſs to **Phil. Baboon.** *Bob* breeds excellent Bullocks, and has got Money by it; but was never looked on to be a Fellow of any tollerable Sence.

Matt Spindleſhanks, the Tavern-Boy, is in a ſtrange Quandary whether he ſhall return Home, or ſtay at Old **Savage**'s. 'Tis noted for excellent Air in a Conſumption, and 'tis very probable that *Matt*, who is a little infirm, will chuſe it for his Health's Sake. Life is ſweet, and 'tis very probable that the late Damps that have happened in this Country may be apt to ſuffocate poor *Matt*, ſo that his Phyſicians have adviſed him, that the other Air is more ſafe for him.

Lord Peterborough. *Peregrine Scamper*, who makes ſuch a mighty Noiſe of his CONDUCT, is lately return'd from his laſt *Errand*. He pleads a great deal of Merit, and is angry he was not nam'd one of the TRUSTEES. To ſay Truth, the Man had had never much Harm in him, but being always thought a little Troubleſome at Home, was uſually ſent out of the Way for Quietneſs Sake. Moſt People would believe he had done ſome Service, if he talk'd leſs of it, and had ſhewn leſs Compliance to ſome Points which render him a little diſagreeable.

D. Ormond *Jacob Raſh*, the New Agent, is the leſs concerned at being ſhut out of the Management of all Affairs at the INN, becauſe it furniſhes him with an Opportunity to indulge himſelf in a voluptuous Life. He was a zealous Promoter of *Harry*'s New Scheme, and a great Cloſeter of the BUFF-COATS upon that Occaſion. *Jacob* has loſt his former Reputation, and has the Misfortune of being looked on as a Tool, when perhaps too much Indolence and good Nature only has been his Fault.

D. Buckingham Old *Biaſs* the Malſter, has a greater Inclination than a Spirit to do Miſchief: Covetouſneſs, which is in others a Crime, has in him proved a Virtue. He wou'd have gone greater

greater lengths in Young **Shute**'s Favour, but for the exceſſive dread of loſing his Pelf: Beſides, he ſaw no reaſon why he ſhould Embark on a Level with Fellows of deſperate Fortunes. *Biaſs* dropt them in ſeveral Important Points, and cry'd, *Safe's the Word:* He was willing to come in for ſomething among them, but wou'd not run the Hazard of loſing one of his G——s for ne'er a Cauſe in *Chriſtendom*; ſo that People ſay, *Though he is no very honeſt Man, yet he has proved an excellent* BOWLER.

L. Mancount. I know no one lies more expoſed than *Sim* the Scrivener: *Sim*'s Principles prevailed over his Gratitude, to ſhew his good Inclinations to Young **Shute.** 'Tis whiſpered, that he has already receiv'd his *Quietus*; and no doubt but a Poſt or two more will confirm it.

L. Dartmouth. *Will Bromingham*, notwithſtanding his great Pretences, looks with a very formidable dull Air. He wou'd fain be thought to merit his Place, but I hear Mr. WRIGHT is of another Opinion.

BOB and *Harry Aucumy* are as far from being Friends as ever: *Bob* has loſt his Reputation with both Parties, but *Harry* ſtands fair with one ſide at leaſt. In ſhort, *Harry* appears moſt Guilty, but *Bob* has the more deſpicable Phiz.

J. W. Windham *Will Wildfire* would be a ſolitary Fellow too if he was capable of thinking; but that is what he never did in his Life: He is a great Comforter to *Harry* under his Affliction, and talks mightily of his Intereſt in a certain Family he is allied to by Marriage, that are like to come into Favour; but a Bottle I believe is the more ſolid conſolation of the two.

A. Moore *Arthur Skipkennel* has packed up his Moveables and is ready for the Scamper. *Con* —— is turned out of the *Weſt* Farm by the TRUSTEES. A Fellow that has done a damn'd deal of Miſchief to the Country there. More of this in my next.

Tom Dimple has recovered his former Reputation. *Tom* you muſt know, was pitched on to carry Inſtructions to *Jacob Ruſh*, in relation to *ſtifling the Evidence*, mentioned in my laſt. *Tom*, thought he had been ſent to influence the CAUSE; but by a curſed Artifice found, that *Bob* and *Harry* had ſealed his Packet up. *Tom* was choſe *Steward* at the next CLUB, and has ſhewn himſelf a very honeſt Friend of Mr. WRIGHT's.

Townſhend *L. [illegible]* Honeſt *Charles Barrier* is made Clerk of the Brewhouſe in *Harry*'s Room, which is highly Satisfactory to all honeſt Men here; and

and no doubt is an Inſtance of Mr. WRIGHT's Eſteem to *Nick Frog*, and to take off the Odium of his Conduct in concert with *Charles*, when the CLUB at the INN, in the *VVidow's* Time fell foul on him in opprobious Words; and had like to have ſent *Charles* to the *Stocks* for the *Bargain* he made with *Nick* in relation to ſome *Copſes* and *Incloſures* on Eſq; *South*'s Eſtate, which were to be put into *NICK*'s Occupation; wherein *Charles*, as they alledged, ſuffer'd him to infringe on a TURNIP FIELD or two of the *VVidow*'s

Never was Man ſo joyfully careſſed and entertained as Mr. WRIGHT was at *NICK*'s Houſe; both he, and all his *Tenants* were ready to devour him for Joy. And indeed, to ſay Truth, *NICK* had a great deal of Reaſon for his Exaltation, for he had been uſed but a little ſcurvily in the latter part of the *VVidow*'s Days. Many of the New Servants hated him in their Hearts; and 'twas feared, that to bring about ſome other Deſign, they wou'd not have ſtuck to perſuade the *VVidow* into a Law Suit againſt poor *NICK*. But theſe Fears are all cured now, and *NICK* begins to ſpeak and act with his uſual Spirit again.

I am yours, &c,

Poſtſcript.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE ſwift Current of Affairs at this Time, will not let me, I find, conclude without a *Poſtſcript*.

D. Marlborough

Jacob Ruſh is diſmiſt from the Agency and honeſt *John Truſty* has got his Place again. *John* met Mr. WRIGHT on the Road, and wiſhing him Joy on his Acceſſion to the Eſtate; Mr. WRIGHT anſwer'd, *That he was ſatisfied a great deal was owing to him on that Occaſion; and he ſhould always very gratefully remember his Services.*

This Day Mr. WRIGHT arrived in Town: Nothing can expreſs the great Joy and Satisfaction of the People: He was met by

by the Heads of the Town, and conducted to the *INN* thro' Crowds of Spectators, making loud Acclamations.

I juſt now learn that *Harry Aucumy* is ſent for to be preſent at the opening of the COUNTING-HOUSE; and that he comes with a heavy ſplenetick Air. The ſame Hand informs me, that poor *Sim* has receiv'd a very civil Meſſage from Mr. WRIGHT, to deſire his Abſence from the Houſe, to make room for honeſt *WILL* the *COOPER*. A Man that can *SEE* a little farther into a Milſtone than the other. *Sim* takes his misfortune very heavily; and ſome queer Fellows that uſed to write Hackney under him, are like to be reduced to the Circumſtance of wanting Heels to their Shoes again. Theſe ſcurvy Dogs had juſt as much Love for Mr. WRIGHT as their Maſter. Lord Cooper

I am likewiſe credibly informed that *Charles* the *HEAD-OSTLER*, *Ned Topſail*, and ſeveral other of the honeſt old Servants will have their Places again at the *INN*. The Houſe begins to flouriſh, and none are to be admitted but what are known to be Men that have always promoted its Intereſt.

I muſt now finiſh, for every moment almoſt brings me ſome freſh Particular, and I ne'er

 ſhould

ſhould have done if I waited for any Concluſive Period.

I wiſh this may come ſafe to your Hands; for the **Poſt-Boy** is ſuch a damn'd impudent Raſcal, one is hardly **Abel** to expreſs it. The Dog ſold Ballads up and down the Town before, and now ſets up for Writing News Letters. He was a great Lurker about *Harry's Office*, and 'tis thought, has convey'd many a private Packet for him to Young **Shute**. He has been often baſted for his ſcurrilous ſawcy Tongue, without any Effect, but 'tis very probable we ſhall now bring him to the *VVhipping-Poſt*. When *VVill Broming-ham* troops off, he will be forbid coming near the INN; and we hope then to rid the Town of ſuch a ſcurrilous Varlet.

Even whilſt I am Writing this ſhort Poſtſcript, there is News of other numerous Changes at the INN, but I cannot enter into Particulars till my next.

Nottingham Honeſt *Dan. Soberſides* is popp'd into old *Biaſs's* TWO-ARM'D-CHAIR, at Stanhope the CLUB. *Jemmy Briſk*, one of the prettieſt Fellows in Town, is made *Chief Clerk* in the room of *VVill. Broming-ham.*

You may perhaps not give this Article its full Weight, but I can aſſure you 'tis meant as

as a distant Compliment to 'Squire SOUTH. *Jemmy* is one he has a particular Esteem for; and his Preferment is an Argument that a good Understanding is renewed with the *'Squire*. I believe you'll soon see Young Shute removed to a little farther Distance from the Estate. If I don't conclude now, I never shall.